

CAMERA SHOTS AT BIG GAME



A·G·WALLIHAN



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BY
A. G. WALLIHAN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT




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INTRODUCTION

T is a pleasure to write an introduction to Mr. Wallihan's really noteworthy book, for his photographs of wild game possess such peculiar value that all lovers, whether of hunting or of natural history, should be glad to see them preserved in permanent form. The art and practice of photographing wild animals in their native haunts has made great progress in recent years. It is itself a branch of sport, and hunting with the camera has many points of superiority when compared to hunting with the rifle. But, even under favorable conditions, very few men have the skill, the patience, the woodcraft and plainscraft which enabled Mr. Wallihan to accomplish so much; and, moreover, the conditions as regards most of our big game animals are continually changing for the worse. The difficulties of getting really good and characteristic photographs are such as to be practically insuperable where game is very scarce and very shy, and throughout most of the United States game is steadily growing scarcer and shyer. Photographs in a game preserve, no matter how large this preserve, are, of course, not quite the same thing.

The elk have now almost everywhere diminished in numbers so that it would be very difficult indeed to get pictures like some

of Mr. Wallihan's, and though the blacktail and the antelope last better, yet they, too, can nowhere be found as they were but a dozen years ago. The cougar pictures have an especial value. Where cougars are plentiful it is easier to take their photographs than in the case of deer, and there are a number of localities in the Rockies where they are still fairly abundant; but they are steadily growing scarcer, and where they have become really scarce the work of the photographer becomes one of such hopeless labor, the chance for success is so very small, as to be practically prohibitive. There are still cougars east of the Mississippi, but nowadays it would be a simple impossibility for any man to take of them such pictures as Mr. Wallihan has taken of the Colorado cougars. Moreover, even where cougars are plentiful, the photographer might work a lifetime before getting such a remarkable picture as that of the cougar jumping in mid-air. As I know from practical experience, it is exceedingly difficult, even when the cougar has been treed, to get a really fine photograph, as it is not possible to choose the conditions of ground and light in advance.

Mr. Wallihan's hunting was in northwestern Colorado and western Wyoming—regions where I have often followed the game he describes. There are no whitetail deer in the country he covered, the buffalo were extinct before he began work with his camera, and he never had luck with bears. But his series of elk, antelope, blacktail and mountain lion pictures leave little to be desired. It is, by the way, difficult to determine whether to use the ordinary vernacular names of these

Antelope in the brush





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“I caught them strung out clear across the river.”
(Deer 18)

animals, or their book names, which are better in themselves, but which unfortunately have not been popularly adopted. The elk, for instance, has no resemblance to the animal properly called the elk in the Old World, which is the blood brother of the moose, nor yet to the other animals improperly called elk in Asia and Africa. The blacktail of the Rocky Mountains is not the true blacktail of the Pacific coast. The antelope is not an antelope at all, occupying an entirely unique position as the only hollow-horned ruminant which annually sheds its horns. It would be far better if the three could be known as wapiti, mule-deer and prong-buck. But unfortunately they are rarely known by these titles in common speech. With the cougar the case is a little different. It is sometimes called cougar among the ranchmen, and the names of panther and mountain lion, by which it is known respectively in the East and in the West, are so misleading that it is best to drop them and give it the proper title.

The elk, or wapiti, were still plentiful in northwestern Colorado a decade ago, going in large herds. The merciless persecution they have suffered for the sake of their flesh, hide, antlers and teeth has resulted in the species being reduced to a few hundred individuals. The Wyoming elk are travelling the same path, although the existence of the great protected nursery and breeding-ground in the Yellowstone National Park has delayed the process and gives us reasonable hope that the animals will never become entirely extinct. The part played by true sportsmen, worthy of the name, in this extinction has

been nil, and indeed very little appreciable harm has been done by any men who have merely hunted in season for trophies. The real damage has come from the professional hunters and their patrons. In a wild frontier country it is too much to expect that the settlers will not occasionally kill meat for their own use, though every effort should be made to educate them to the knowledge that a wapiti or deer free in the woods will, by attracting tourists, bring into the neighborhood many times as much money as the dead carcass would represent. The professional game butchers, however, have no excuse of any kind. They kill the animal for the hide and for the flesh. Moreover, the horns are strikingly ornamental and are freely purchased by a certain class of wealthy people who wholly lack the skill and hardihood necessary to those who would themselves be hunters, and who have not the good taste to see that antlers properly have their chief value as trophies. Nothing adds more to a hall or a room than fine antlers when they have been shot by the owner, but there is always an element of the absurd in a room furnished with trophies of the chase which the owner has acquired by purchase. Even less defensible is it either to kill or to put a premium upon the killing of this noble and beautiful creature for the sake of its teeth. Yet the habit of wearing elk's teeth on watch-chains and the like has been responsible for no small amount of slaughter. The Audubon societies have done useful work in trying to prevent the destruction of song-birds and waders for millinery purposes. It would be well if some



similar society would wage war against the senseless fashion of wearing elk's teeth when the wearer has not shot the animal; for such a fashion simply becomes one cause of extermination.

The mule, or Rocky Mountain blacktail, deer is in some localities migratory. This is the case in Colorado, where the winter and summer ranges of the deer are wholly distinct, and where during the migrations the animals follow well-established trails leading over and among the mountains and across the streams. Some of Mr. Wallihan's most beautiful pictures are those taken of deer crossing a stream. In dealing with the prong-horn antelope, on the other hand, a shy and far-sighted creature of the dry, open prairie, almost the only chance consisted in catching the game when it came to drink. Incidentally it will be seen that Mr. Wallihan in his description lays stress upon the superior keenness of vision of the antelope as compared to the deer. Mr. Wallihan is a very close and accurate observer, as indeed it was necessary he should be in order to obtain such results as he has obtained. His remarks on the comparative dullness of the deer's eyesight are in accord not only with my experience, but with those of almost every first-class hunter whom I have met. Yet I have known book authorities to assert the contrary. Of course it is all a matter of comparison. A deer's vision is better than that of a buffalo, and, I believe, better than that of a bear, and a motion catches its eye at once. But the antelope has better sight by far than any other game, and will be brought to a condition of alert suspicion by the sight of a man at a distance so great that he

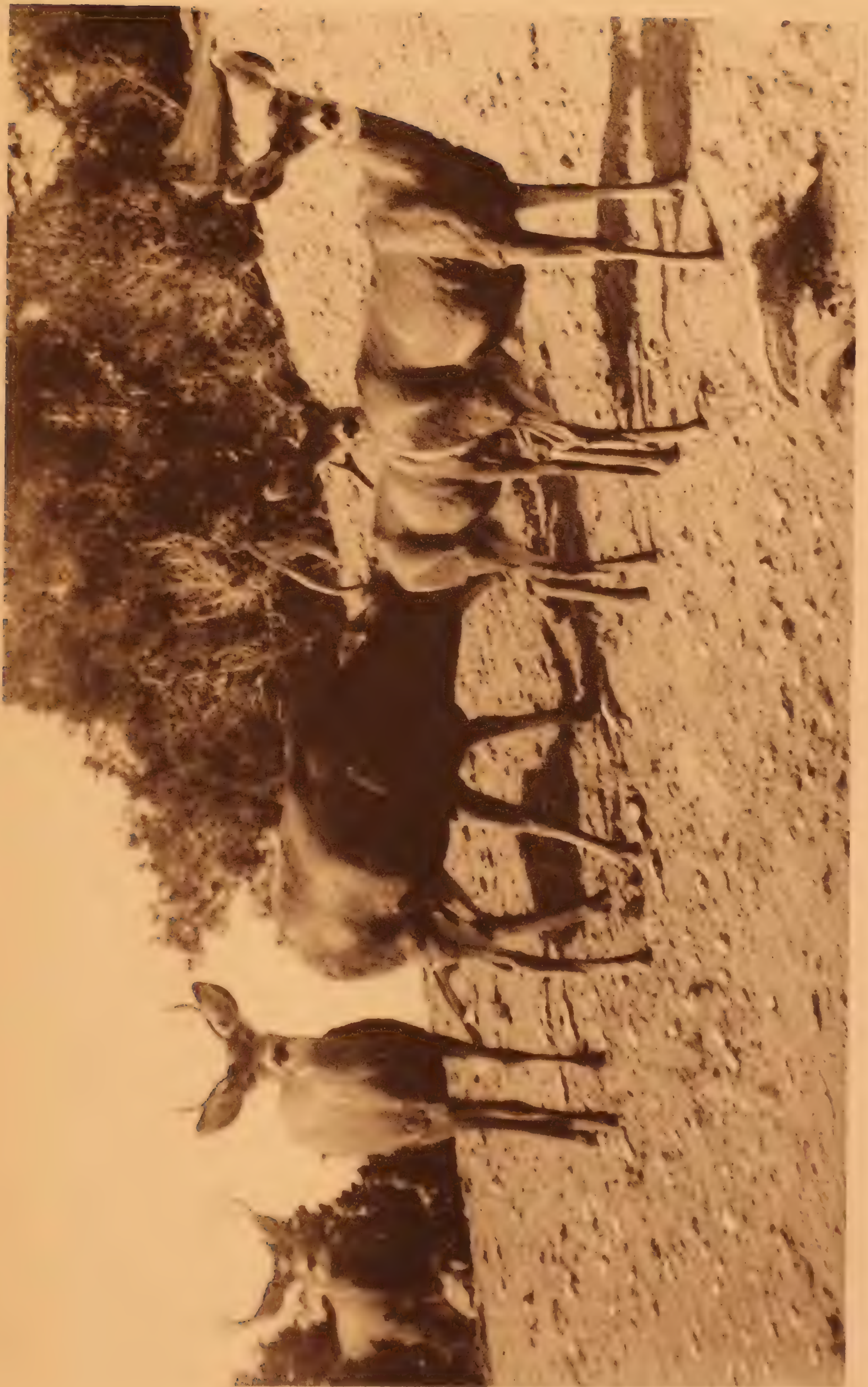
would be practically certain to escape observation from a deer.

In Mr. Wallihan's cougar hunting he had the good fortune to be associated with Mr. Frank Wells, a first-class hunter with an excellent pack of hounds. Mr. Wells is not only a good hunter, but a good observer. He has written two or three pieces about cougars and cougar hunting which are filled with refreshing common sense, in striking contrast to the average tales on the subject. More nonsense has been talked and written about the cougar than about any other American beast. Even experienced hunters often gravely talk of cougars ten and eleven feet long. As Mr. Wells has pointed out, these figures are never even approximated. The animal is variable in size, and very rarely a monster old male will reach the length of eight feet; but by no system of fair measurement will any cougar ever be found to go more than a very few inches over this limit, and even an eight-foot cougar is a giant of its kind. Hardly one in a hundred reaches such a length. The cougar is very destructive to deer and colts as well as calves, sheep, young elk, etc. When pressed by hunger, big cougars will kill full-grown elk, horses and cattle; but they are cowardly beasts, and not only is it a wholly exceptional circumstance for them to attack any human being unprovoked, but they do not even make an effective fight against man when cornered. They rarely charge, and, as far as I know, never from any distance. A small number of really good fighting dogs can kill a cougar, and it readily trees even before dogs

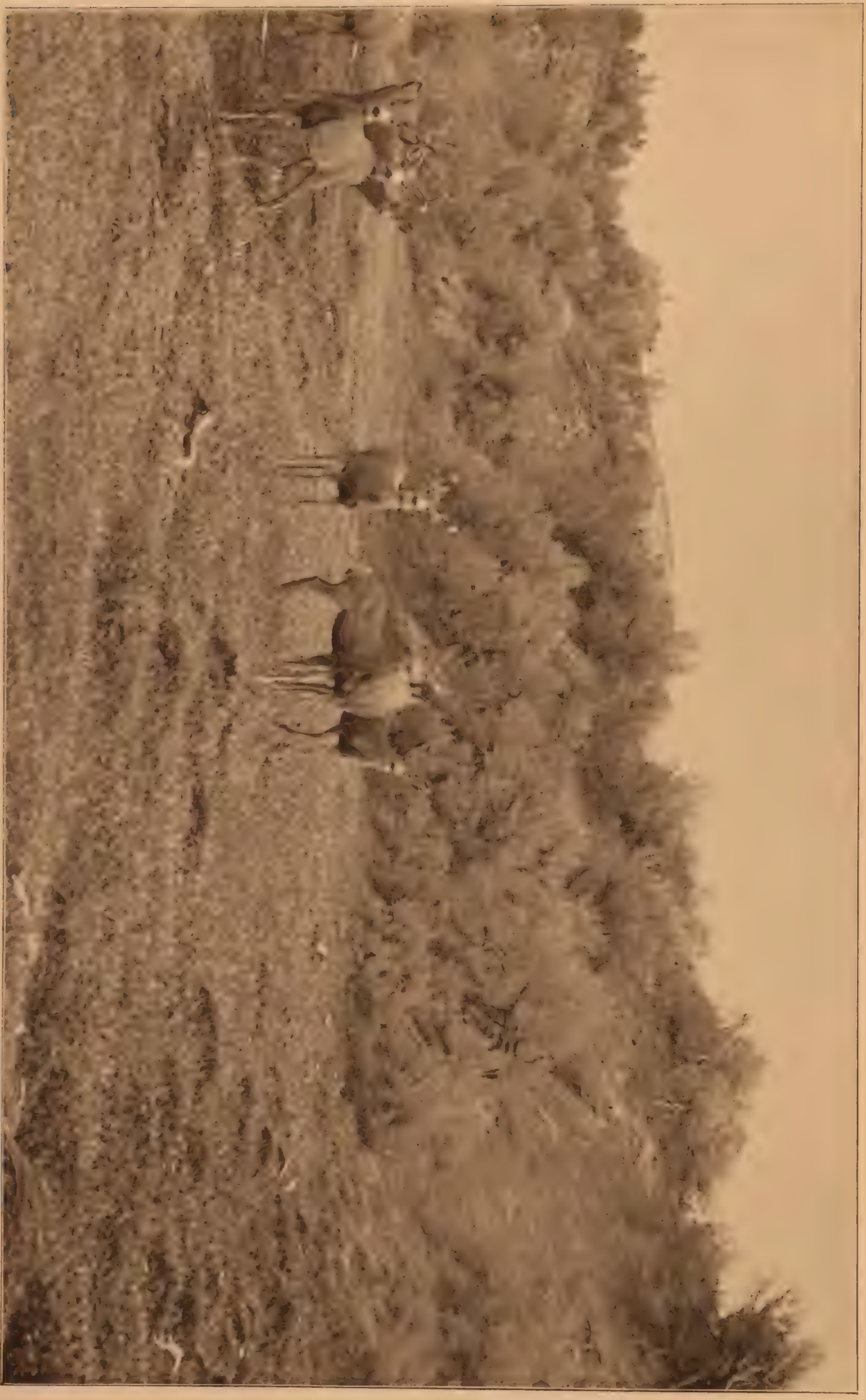


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“A herd crossing to the opposite slope.”



Deer and Doe.



“The main part of the band was to the left of the view.”

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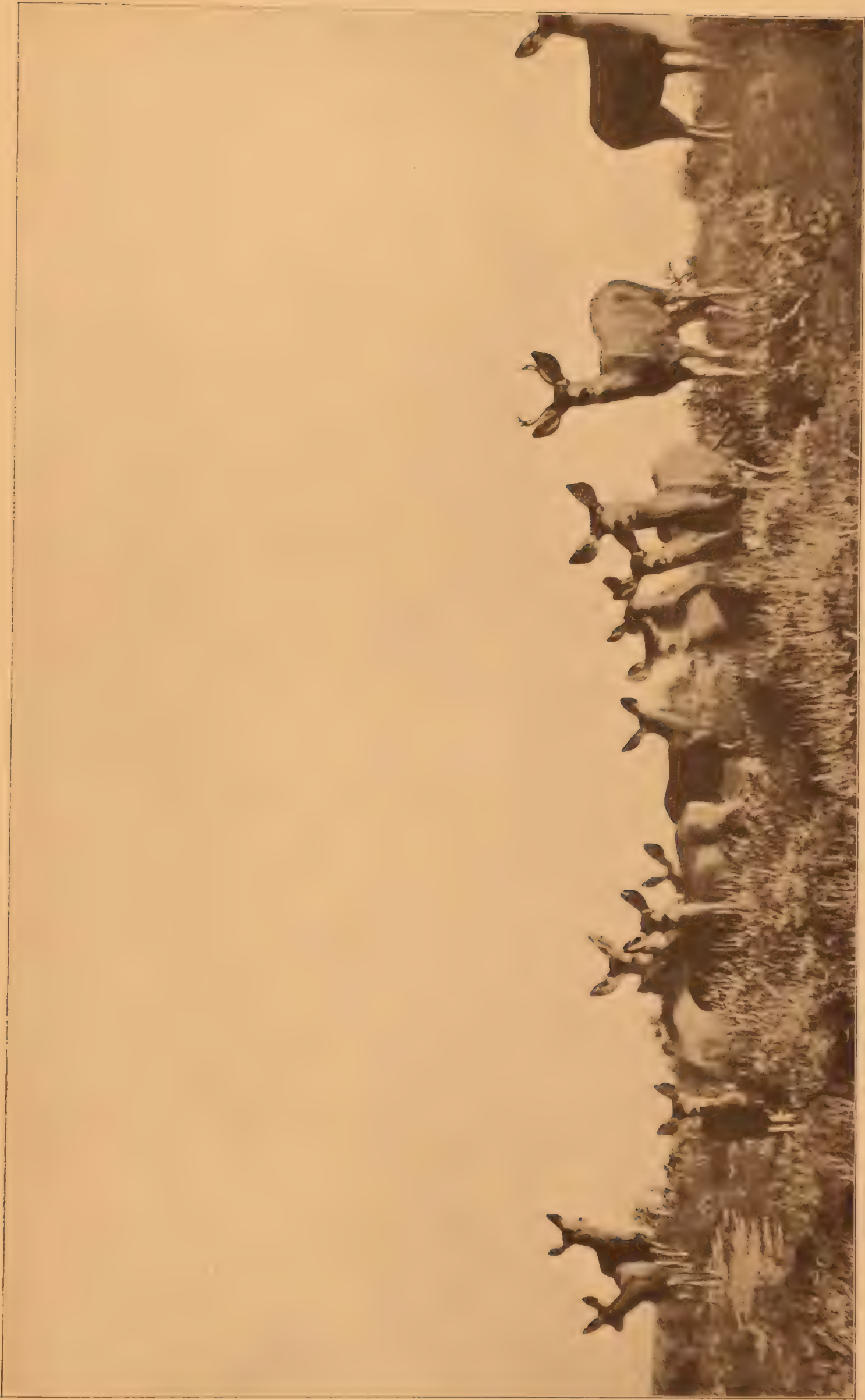
that would be quite incapable of mastering it. If man or dog comes close up, there is of course danger from the formidable jaws and sharp claws; but commonly the danger is only to the pack. Only in very rare cases is there any to the hunter. Owing to the cougar's habits, the only method of pursuing it which offers any reasonable chance of success is with hounds. It is occasionally killed by accident without hounds, but under such circumstances the chances of success are so small as not to warrant even the most skilful hunter making a practice of pursuing it in this manner.

Mr. Wallihan is not only a good photographer, but a lover of nature and of the wild life of the wilderness. His pictures and his descriptions are good in themselves as records of a fascinating form of life which is passing away. Moreover, they should act as spurs to all of us to try to see that this life does not wholly vanish. It will be a real misfortune if our wild animals disappear from mountain, plain and forest, to be found only, if at all, in great game preserves. It is to the interest of all of us to see that there is ample and real protection for our game as for our woodlands. A true democracy, really alive to its opportunities, will insist upon such game preservation, for it is to the interest of our people as a whole. More and more, as it becomes necessary to preserve the game, let us hope that the camera will largely supplant the rifle. It is an excellent thing to have a nation proficient in marksmanship, and it is highly undesirable that the rifle should be wholly laid by. But the shot is, after all, only a small part of the free life of the wilderness.

The chief attractions lie in the physical hardihood for which the life calls, the sense of limitless freedom which it brings, and the remoteness and wild charm and beauty of primitive nature. All of this we get exactly as much in hunting with the camera as in hunting with the rifle; and of the two, the former is the kind of sport which calls for the higher degree of skill, patience, resolution, and knowledge of the life history of the animal sought.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Dated Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, N. Y.,
May thirty-first, nineteen hundred and one.



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“ They were at ‘ attention ’ instantly. ”

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“They were at ‘attention’ instantly.”

“They evidently suspected something.”

“With every sense alert for danger.”

“He is not frightened, but stops short.”

“The old doe looked back to see if there really was any danger.”

“So I exposed on this spike at thirty feet.”

“He was beautiful, standing amid the flowers and grasses.”

“This time he stood facing me.”

“I caught a fine picture at the short distance of twenty-four steps.”

A frightened fawn, hiding.

Six hundred Elk in one picture.

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“I made exposures in different poses.”

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A magnificent view at twenty-five feet.

“Once or twice I approached within twenty feet, but he made ready to spring at me, so I retreated.”

“A very vicious-looking view, as close as I dared.”

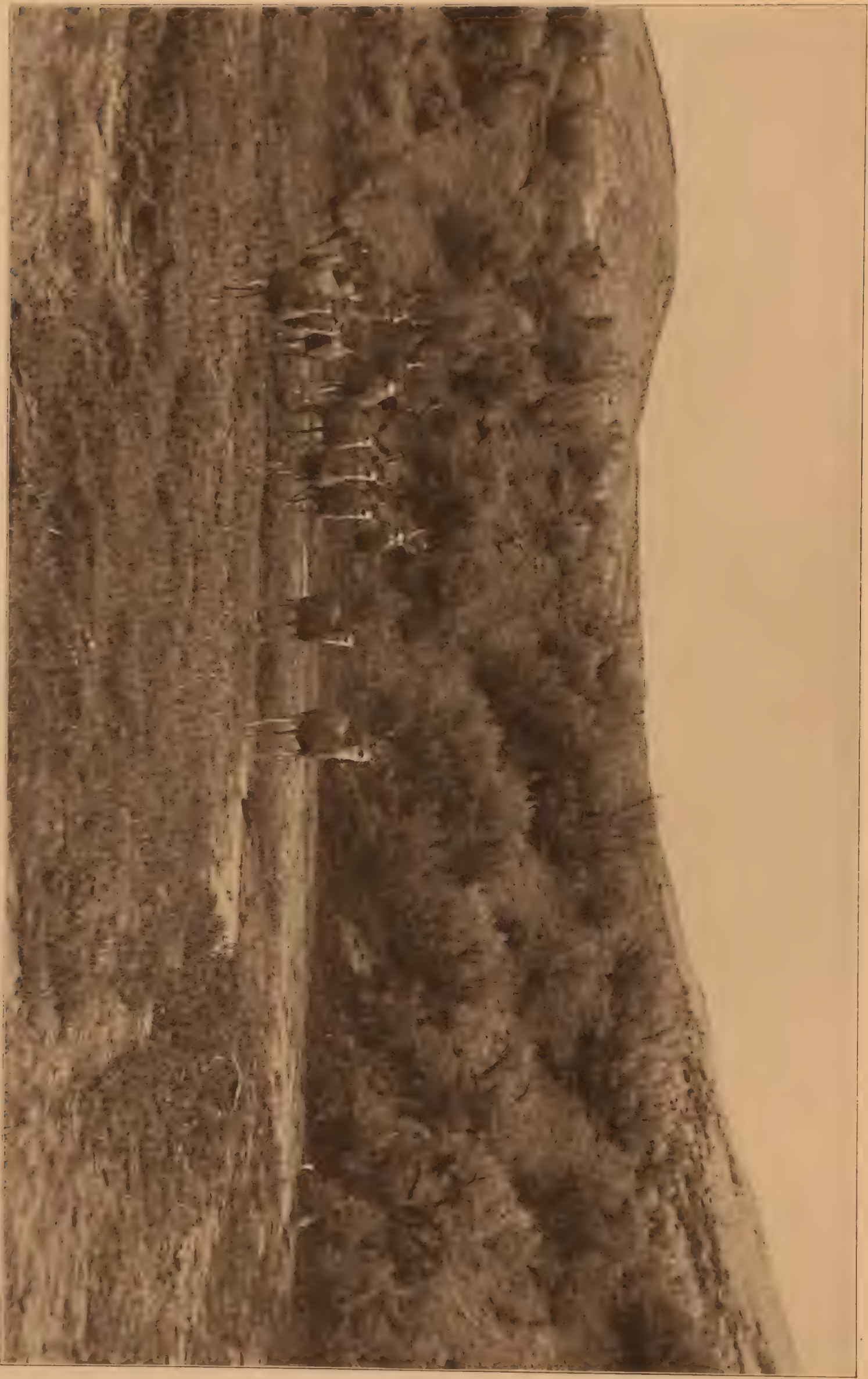
“The Lion had crawled around in a crevice, and was lying there very quietly.”

“I approached within fifteen feet and took my last snap.”

“At this tree I got within fifteen feet.”

“A big one, that treed in a very low cedar.”


A near view of a Bear.



“They evidently suspected something.”
(Deer 55)

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PREFACE

HE material has been obtained for this volume under the deep blue of Colorado skies while the summer sun beat fiercely, or when the winter cold was so intense as to interfere with handling the camera. The pictures have been made in the open country, outwitting the far-seeing antelope, or by riversides, while the author awaited with bated breath the near approach of a bunch of deer. Again, the work has been done in the mountains where the fawns lay hidden, their mothers bounding away upon approach, where the fat bucks sought the shelter of the oak brush or lay out in a point of aspens that the sun might harden their horns, where the streams were filled with lusty trout; or, following the hounds in winter on the trail of a cougar over the hills and cañons of White River, or on into the bleak, wind-swept ranges of Wyoming, matching skill with the bighorn or (on skis) the lordly elk. The intense fascination of our study of game has taught patience and demanded perseverance without limit. Privation and hardship have been mitigated by the pleasures obtained from hunting and fishing, and in greater measure from the study of the game.

The first attempt made was in the autumn of 1889, but the only result was to learn some of the difficulties and necessities.

Very little of the work has been done by hand-camera, this being used only where the tripod was impossible. At the commencement no hand-camera at all was available, and since then none has been used. Consequently, the work has been more laborious as well as less speedy, and occasional chances have been lost through the time taken to set up the camera. Up to 1894 Carbutt's cut films were principally used, but finding greater speed in Cramer's Crown plates, these have been employed since that time. The short-focussed and convenient hand-camera would have been worthless for most of the work, as the size of the resultant image would have been too small for value. A Gundlach Rectigraphic lens was used for several years. This gave a focus of $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, while the back lens, used alone, gave a focus of $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the front lens 18 inches. In 1894 a Zeiss series II lens was added for greater speed and found to be very satisfactory, and while a telephoto lens was attached to the Zeiss in 1895, it has proved to be too slow for very effective work. Of all the shutters, the Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.'s diaphragm shutter has turned out to be the best. So much for mechanical outfit.

For me, at least, there is a charm about the blacktail, or mule-deer, that no other game possesses. Barring the bighorn, their meat is the best, their hide tans into the best buckskin, and you turn from the larger elk or the agile antelope to the graceful beauty of a blacktail buck, and find there the greater satisfaction. The head of the bighorn is a finer trophy, no doubt, and you are led to grand scenery in pursuit of him, but



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“ With every sense alert for danger.”



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“He is not frightened, but stops short.”
(Deer 56)

it is heart-breaking work. Where you find the blacktail you will find other pleasures, for he delights in the most charming bits of country to be found. He will jump up from the tall weeds and grass among the aspens, so close as to startle you as you ride through them, or will leap into view from the shade of a deep washout far in the desert, where he finds in the feed and surroundings something to suit his taste. He is crafty, also; for if he thinks he is hidden I have known him to lie in thick brush until almost kicked out, after all sorts of expedients to drive him out had failed. He has, perhaps, the keenest scent and the best hearing of all the deer tribe, although an elk matches him very closely. He cannot see as well as the antelope, for I have stood within ten or twenty feet of several passing bands which failed to distinguish me from a stump or rock. Antelope will approach very closely, occasionally, out of pure inquisitiveness, but never a deer. If anything moves, a deer sees it instantly, but he cannot tell what a still object is, and the elk and bighorn are the same. I have exposed myself with impunity to bighorn where antelope would have laughed me to scorn. The antelope is, without doubt, the most active of the four game animals under discussion. I have seen them, when chasing each other at full speed, turn instantly in the reverse direction, without any check or curve.

To Mr. William Wells is due the credit for planning the mountain-lion, wildcat, and bear hunts, and selecting many of the views of this volume. The manner of hunting them is with foxhounds specially trained for the purpose. They must

be trained to cross deer and elk trails, and even run through herds of these animals, without leaving the lion's trail, or the work will be well-nigh useless; for where the game winter, there the cougar will be found. All the lion-hunters I know estimate that every lion kills fifty deer every year after he is grown, and that he is destructive to other game in like proportion. He is the wariest and most skulking animal of which I know anything. In thirty years in the Rockies I have seen (excepting those treed by dogs) but one wild one.

The chances for a camera shot at a wild bear were not to be thought of, so the views shown are of trapped bear. I have met but six in my wanderings. As with the lion hunts, Mr. William Wells planned the bear hunt, and to his skill as a trapper is due our success. The bear were caught on Slate Creek, near Pagoda Peak, in Colorado.

William Wells, the noted guide then of Marvine Lodge in Colorado, proposed that we try for pictures of mountain lion, which he hunted in winter with a pack of hounds; so, after a month spent the first winter in which two good negatives were obtained, we started in the second winter better prepared. Wells had a splendid pack and much experience; and as he had a large outfit of horses, we had good saddle- and pack-horses. We generally hunted from Wells's winter camp, but occasionally made side trips, being welcome at almost any ranchman's, as the lions are very destructive to colts and the stock-raisers were glad to help exterminate them.

A. G. WALLIHAN.




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“An old doe looked back to see if there really was any danger.”
(Deer 57)



A Fawn, hiding
1888

CHAPTER I

N October, 1890, I placed myself and camera on a ridge that runs at a right angle with the course of the great deer trail from Black Mountain (the westerly end of the Elkhead Range in northwest Colorado) to Coyote Basin, in the valley of the White River, where the deer winter. I had examined the trails and selected the one with the most tracks in it, and going to one side about forty yards, I placed the camera and tripod as low as possible behind rabbitweed. When all was ready I walked to the hilltop and peered over to see if any deer were coming. Just over the next ridge a little band was headed in my direction, and my heart beat faster at the prospect of shooting game with a new "gun"—the camera.

I watched them come down the hill and across the little valley, until they were at the foot of the hill whereon I stood, then slipped back to the camera, drew the slide, set the shutter, and, crouching behind the brush, awaited their coming. Suddenly the head and ears of a doe came in sight, and the others rapidly crowded along until they were out in front, just where I desired them. I gave a low whistle. Instantly they were still, every eye and ear alert. (No. 1.) The click of the shutter was so faint that they did not hear it, and after a

moment or two they passed on down the trail, unaware of their proximity to mankind. After waiting an hour or two longer, I returned home, and upon developing the negative was elated to find it a good one—the first successful exposure I had ever made in my game series.

I have yet to see the person who can hide on these trails and allow a band of deer to approach as close as they must to secure good negatives without becoming excited. Probably I am no better than the tenderest of tenderfeet. Some men will not admit their excitement, while others freely confess that they cannot command it. I could hear one man's heart beat as plainly as if he were striking his fist upon his chest, while a band of deer was passing close to our hiding-place.

The next good negative was obtained the following spring, when the deer were returning to their summer quarters. I was in Juniper Mountain cañon, on Bear River, with a companion, when some deer came down to cross. We slipped behind a big boulder, as close as we could, and by carefully raising the camera until it peeped over the rock, I was able to catch them on the rocks at the water's edge. (No. 3.)

A year or two passed with but poor success, until, one morning in October, my wife and I arose to find about four inches of snow covering everything outside our tent. Hurriedly disposing of breakfast, we started down the cañon, along the edge of the water, much of the way with barely room to pass at the foot of the rocky ledges which came right down to the river. Arriving at the deer trails, we found signs that sev-



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“So I exposed on this spike at thirty feet.”
(Deer 58)





Copyright, 1898, by A. G. Wallihan.

“ He was beautiful standing amid the
flowers and grasses.”
(Deer 61)

eral small bands had already crossed, so we quickly hid ourselves as best we could among the rocks along the water's edge. Away up yonder, another band was coming over the summit of the cañon wall, and we were still as mice. Winding and twisting in single file, over small ledges and down long slopes they came on. Occasionally we could hear the fawns bleating in a pitiful, complaining way, as if tired or separated from the dams. I counted them as they scattered along the trail, and found that they numbered an even sixty. Now they were directly opposite, and without much ado the leaders marched straight in and waded across. When they had reached the rocks on the near side, I snapped the shutter and caught them strung out clear across the river. (No. 18.) We waited all the day, but no more appeared, so we returned to camp, hungry after our long wait in the cold, to enjoy a hearty supper.

Later in the month I got one more negative in the cedars near home. I had the camera peeping over the top of a cedar about three feet high, the low brush hiding me from sight. A doe and two fawns came leisurely along until within thirty feet, which was as near as I dared allow them. I made a very faint noise, which their big ears caught (No. 23), and they stopped instantly. The shutter snapped, and I cared not then how quickly they fled. A year passed, and with a large camera—8 by 10—I again took the trail. Just where it comes across a sage-brush park and skirts some cedars, and then dives into the cedars, I select a place, and on looking up the trail behold a swarm of deer coming over the hill. I must hurry, or they

will be here before I am ready. The tripod is up as quick as a wink, and the camera follows, the lens is attached, plate-holder inserted, and, just as I draw the slide, they come out right in front of me, within twenty-five yards. I stand behind the camera, utterly motionless until they have strung out across the view in front, then I whistle sharply. (No. 27.) They are at "attention" instantly. I hear the click of the shutter and know I have them. They look a moment or more, but do not suspect anything dangerous, so they walk on.

Before the last of this bunch was out of sight, another small drove appeared, but farther from me. About the same number were in this bunch, but I could not move without scaring the last of those which had just passed, so had to gaze at them until the last one vanished. I made three more exposures that day on deer, very close, but did not cover the camera when drawing the slides, so of course they were all ruined. The deer were now traveling very thick, so I stationed myself nearer camp where they crossed a deep gulch fringed with heavy sage-brush. This stand had one important drawback, namely, that the deer came directly against the wind, and in spite of my efforts to get far enough to one side, the greater number would scent danger and run back or pass around. For a short time, however, the wind was right for me, and a bunch coming in, I let them approach quite close. Some were down drinking at a spring when I exposed. (No. 30.) The main part of the band was to the left of the view, so close that I could not shift the camera for fear of stampeding them, so I caught only part in the picture.



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“ This time he stood facing me.”
(Deer 62)

Anxious to try the 8 by 10 camera in Juniper Cañon, we moved over and camped at its head. Right near camp one trail crossed, and I spent several nights trying to get flash-light photos of the deer in passage. I made several exposures, but only one was successful. (No. 43.) The night was intensely dark, and to sit on the rocks for hours, with no sound but that of the river or of an occasional owl, was a peculiar sensation. There were fresh mountain-lion tracks along the water's edge, and, indeed, I saw one—a monster—as I went down to the trail one morning about sunrise. He was across the river upon the hillside about a hundred yards distant, walking leisurely to his den,—a cave in the ledges,—where he disappeared for the day. It was necessary to keep very quiet while waiting for the deer, as they would come to the hilltop across the river and stop every few yards, listening for any sign of danger. Then when they reached the river, many would go down-stream too far to reach. One night it was moonlight, and two came across, headed straight for me. I made the flash, but on they came, evidently thinking it was lightning. They came within ten feet, when I moved, so they saw me, and then there was a great splashing of water.

One night it was very dark, and I made a flash on a bunch in the river. I suppose it blinded them for a moment; they turned back, and we could hear them running into brush and rocks in their stampede. During the day I spent my time down the cañon on the main trail, and at length found myself right out among the rocks by the edge of the river. In front was a rock, taller than the rest, which I could not get out of

the view without raising the camera so high as to be too conspicuous. About six hundred yards above, at the top of the cañon wall, ran the trail, and in a moment or so a small band came winding down to the river. All stopped to drink. Waiting until an immense buck had raised his head (No. 33), I exposed. After all had drunk, they walked up the river a hundred yards or more, but would not cross, finally going back up the trail two or three hundred yards. Another and larger band came down soon afterward, and the first bunch joined this one, but kept in the rear. Down they rushed, greedy to drink, and many were drinking when the big buck belonging to the first band, which was coming along behind and acting very suspicious, suddenly wheeled, and, with a snort, started back up the trail on the run, followed by the rest. One fawn, enjoying the first drink he had found for many a weary mile, was so startled that he jumped straight out into the river.

One afternoon, after an all-day wait without result, I was thinking of going to camp, when a large herd came in sight. The deer were slow about coming down, and when they at last reached the river, right opposite, the shadow had begun to creep up the cañon side, so they were out of the sunshine. I set the shutter as slow as I could for instantaneous work, and trusted to luck to get them—and did, in fact, secure a very good negative. (No. 34.)

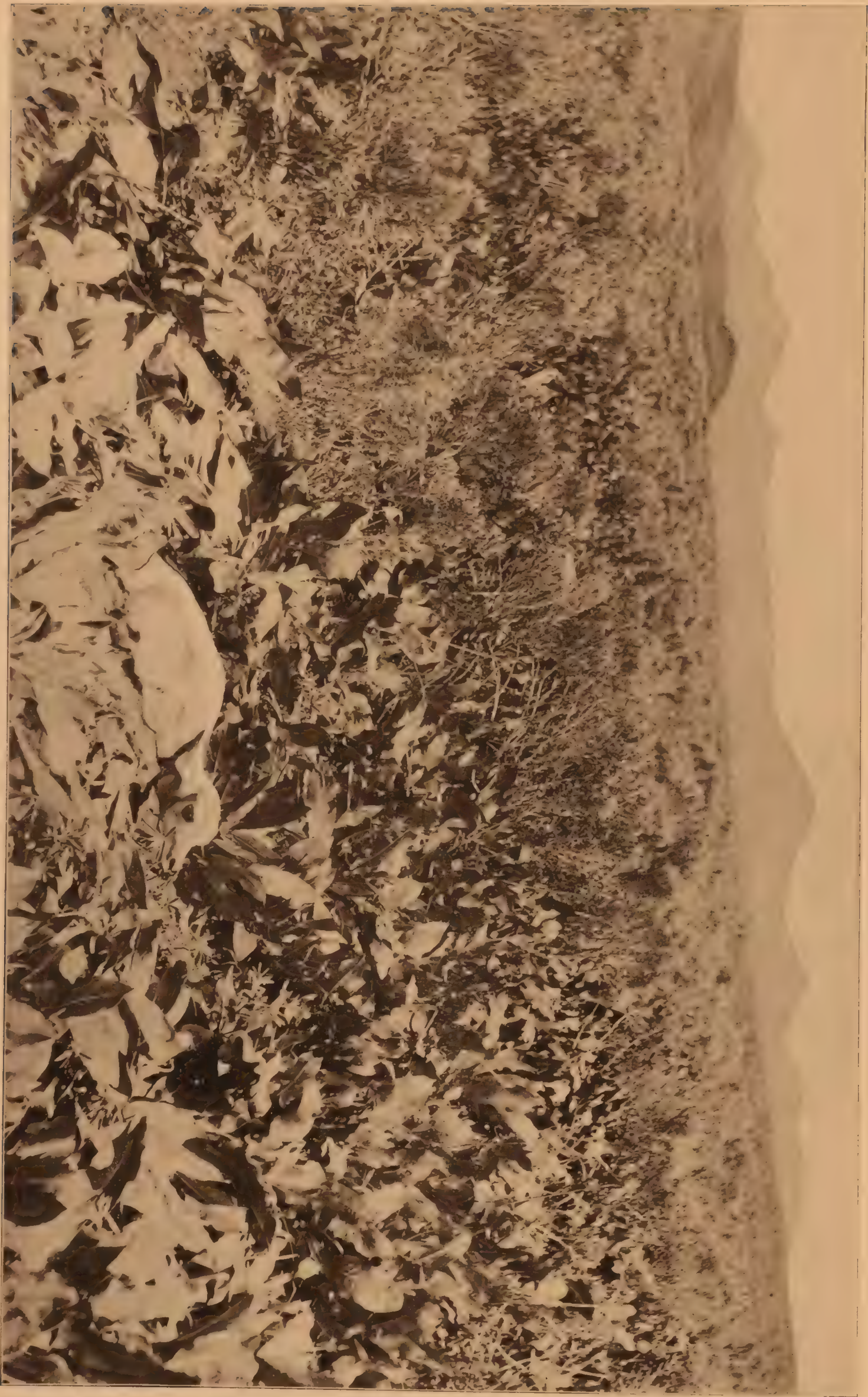
One day I was out on the rocks near the riverside when a few deer came down immediately opposite. I made the exposure, but it proved a failure. After they had walked along



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“I caught a fine picture at the short distance of twenty-five feet.”
(Deer 63)





A frightened Fawn, hiding.

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the edge of the river a few yards, they returned and swam across very near to me,—within ten feet, in fact,—and landed close by, where they stood and shook themselves. I was standing, bent over, behind the camera all this time, not daring to move. The deer were never over one hundred and fifty feet from me after they first reached the river. I stood there until my back nearly cracked, when at last I stood erect and threw up my arms to scare them. They simply looked at me without any apparent alarm. For fully five minutes there they stood, within twenty-five feet of me, shaking off the water and licking themselves. When the leader got ready, she started up the steep trail, and they were soon lost to view.

Returning home, I spent a few days among the cedars, and secured one fine little snap-shot. I was right at the edge of the first cedars the deer would reach after crossing a great open sage-brush country forty miles in width. Here at last I saw a group of deer approaching. Hurriedly locating under a cedar tree, I had only a few minutes to wait. Luckily, some of the animals came by on the little trail I had chosen, and I caught them just as a spike-buck had cast his eyes upon me. (No. 40.) Among those that passed farther away were two large bucks with their horns in full velvet (it was the 10th of October).

A year later I was again watching in the cedars, near home, for the coming of the mule-deer. An old Indian lookout, in a big cedar where two trails joined, was selected; and as I had a brother visiting me, I placed him in the lookout with my rifle, while I shot them from below with the camera. I was

to whistle and stop the deer when they were at the right place, and a second whistle was his signal to shoot. Fortune favored us, for a doe, fawn, and three bucks came suddenly from behind the cedars, and walked right to the proper place and stopped at my signal. (No. 44.) I promptly pressed the shutter bulb. The second signal was given, and my brother fired at the large buck with his head down, barely grazing him. The spike-buck stood looking toward us as if petrified. Again and again my brother fired, the buck still standing his ground. Finally I asked what was the matter up the tree, but the shooter said he did n't know. As soon as we began to talk the buck ran off. The gun was passed down to me, and I found that two cartridges (40.70—long, straight shells with patched bullets) belonging to my wife's rifle had been placed in the magazine, and had failed to work. We had a good laugh over the affair, but decided to wait for the next herd, which soon came. A spike-buck was in the lead, and a big horned one next. After I made the snap my brother shot at the big one (No. 45), and struck a small cedar stump a few feet short and a little low, throwing splinters all over the game, and frightening him so badly that I think he is still running.

Another year rolled around before the camera could again be trained on the deer. This time the gulch near the cedars at home was tried for several days. Finally a fairly large herd came right down over the bank into the gulch. A doe was in the lead, as is usually the case, the bucks preferring the rear of the herd, so that if any danger is met they will be able to



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Six hundred Elk in this picture.

get away, leaving the leaders to their own devices. When at the place where my camera was trained, they evidently suspected something, for they stopped, and one doe turned back. (No. 55.) I waited no longer, but made the exposure. In another moment, thoroughly frightened, they turned and quickly disappeared up the gulch.

Selecting a good place in the cedars, I tried again. From my location I could see deer approaching within about three hundred yards, but when they came nearer than fifty yards I had to hide myself more effectively, and could not move while they were passing. One fine day I saw a large band come over the hill on my trail, so hid myself and waited their approach. Here they are, sixty feet away, stringing along—does, fawns—but where are the bucks? Big does, little does, lots of fawns pass by, until about fifty have passed. Ah! here come a pair of horns! *Now* he is just where I want him, and I whistle very faintly. He hears it and is not frightened, but stops short. (No. 56.) The shutter works noiselessly (its click at sixty feet will often cause a leap that is fatal to success); the others are moving on, so when he can see nothing to take alarm at he follows. And then up walks a monarch whose stately head would grace any hall, and I am compelled to let him pass without exposing, for I cannot move as much as a finger without frightening him off. After a time I saw more coming, off on a side trail that would not bring them to me; but, true to their eccentric habits, they meandered about until they came directly to the spot where I wished them. As

I was using the telephoto lens, which is not instantaneous, I had to stop them, so gave a faint whistle. The leader was out of sight instantly, but an old doe, after turning about, looked back (No. 57) to see if there really was any danger. Then in an instant she also was gone. Transferring my camera, next day, to a sand ridge where the trail crossed, I waited but a short time before a spike-buck came over, but the others (for I knew there were quite a lot) failed to appear, and as I heard them jumping I imagined they were running away, or would at least go round me. So I exposed on this spike at thirty feet. (No. 58.) Then up walked several does and bucks, and at last a magnificent buck that stopped on the very spot I had wished for, and looked a long time at the camera. Then I was indeed disgusted; for if I had not taken the unimportant spike, I could have had this monarch.

The following summer I went to the mountains, camping near the famous "Bear's Ears" peaks. By our camp ran a little stream which afforded us some fine trout, while the hills abounded with deer and a few elk. We came through a good sage-chicken country, and feasted on them as long as we could get them. I have yet to see the fish, flesh, or fowl that equals young sage-chicken when properly cooked.

Riding out over the oak- and aspen-covered ridges one morning, we put up many bucks; but I had in view more promising country farther back. Suddenly there appeared before me, in the aspens, a spike-buck. Just as suddenly I stopped and raised a warning hand to my wife, who was fol-



A Bunch of Antelope
(No. 17)

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lowing. The deer and I stared at each other for several minutes. Then he commenced eating, and at last lay down. I dismounted and quickly rigged up the camera, putting on the telephoto lens. When I was ready I whistled to him until he got up to look at me again. He was beautiful, standing amid the flowers and grasses under the aspens. (No. 61.) It was only then I noticed something wrong with his horn: it seemed to be turned right down across his face, and the negative so proves it. Presently he walked out into some oak brush near by, and again lay down. I went as close as I dared and focussed sharply on the leaves right over him, and again induced him to get up. This time he stood facing me when I exposed. (No. 62.) He was in the red and his horns were in full velvet. After the exposure I walked toward him several steps before he ran off. Then I measured the distance from his bed to the camera, and found it to be only sixty-five feet. We rode on, but found no more work to do, so returned toward camp; and in passing the same spot where I had caught the deer with the broken horn, I saw another deer about three hundred yards away, walking about in the parks in the aspens. I at once set up the camera and went towards him quietly. After watching awhile, I saw the tips of his horns move, and so located him. I approached as close as I dared risk, and, aiming the camera so that it would cover him when he rose,—for the telephoto lens gives but small field,—I whistled. He would turn his head, but would not rise until I threw a twig. At last by this means I got him on his feet. (No. 63.) I exposed the

instant he rose, and caught a fine picture at the short distance of twenty-four steps. Going on towards camp, I got an exposure on two bucks in the aspens, but they are invisible except their heads. That finished our negatives for that trip.

Once more I camped on the trail near home. I tried the cedars, the gulch, and the sand ridge, but fortune did not favor me until one morning when I moved ahead to another ridge and, after fixing the camera, walked to the top to look over. I heard steps close by on the other side, and returned to the camera just in time to turn it in the direction of the deer. I had no chance to raise it before a doe poked her head over. The others came up until they were all looking over (No. 67), and then at last I exposed. It was barely sunrise, and the glint of the morning light was on their eyes. They smelled my tracks where I had been when I heard them first, and, scenting danger, retreated, but only across a gulch, where they lay down within two hundred yards of me. An hour or more later another band appeared, this time on the trail, and I allowed them to approach within thirty-five steps before calling them to "attention." (No. 68.) Even then they could see nothing to run from, so, turning off the trail a little, pursued their journey.



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“I made exposures in different poses.”

CHAPTER II



NLY a few years ago northwestern Colorado was the home of countless herds of elk, while to-day but few are left, owing to the greed of man for the money which was to be made by killing them and selling their hides and meat. Many of them emigrated to Wyoming to join the Yellowstone Park herds. While they were still plentiful we rode out one day five or six miles from home, and in a short time found a band of six or seven hundred, and by much quiet work got a view of them at about two hundred and fifty yards. I spent many days and weeks trying to get other pictures, but with very poor success. While they would seem to have but little cunning, it will be found, when stalking is attempted, that they have selected the top of some hill that has no cover near by, or are on the lee side of a ridge, so that it is impossible to approach down wind. This applies to the open, rolling winter ranges.

In March, 1899, Billy Hill and I started out one day on our long Norwegian skis to see if we could outwit some of the many bull elk we could see from our cabin near the head of Green River in Wyoming. But a short distance out we found a bull down in a little cañon on Roaring Fork. Hill circled round him while I watched, and when he had reached the

opposite side he sent his dog "Boston" down to bay the elk, which he quickly did in a mixture of aspen, cottonwood, and spruce. I slid down into the gulch and, setting up the camera, got several views of him at close range. (Nos. 16, 17, 18.) A day or so later we climbed up on the mountain farther back, and bearing to the right along its crest a mile or more, came in sight of several bulls feeding along the rim of the mountain, where the winds had cleared the snow from the grass underneath. They were out in open ground, where approach was nearly impossible. Our only chance lay in climbing a ridge on the north and keeping on its farther side until we were beyond them. Even then the chances looked poor. However, up we climbed and got in the lee of the ridge, out of the bitter wind. Just at the far end we scared up two bulls lying in some aspens. They ran down into a little valley just below, where four more joined them. We tried to get to them, but could find no cover. The elk soon left the valley and crossed a ridge, we following. Pretty soon "Boston" winded the elk, and we sent him forward. They were in some thick spruces, but "Boston" soon had them moving, and after a short chase bayed one under another clump of spruce, where I obtained a negative. (No. 19.) Before I could get another, he broke away and ran out on the rim of the mountain, where he joined another bull. "Boston" had the two bayed by the time we came up. I could not get nearer than two hundred yards, so crept up behind a boulder and a little clump of aspens and made another exposure in an environ-



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A bull Elk at close range.
(Elk 28)



A band of the mountain Sheep
12-23



“This one led us a merry chase.”
(Elk 25)

ment which is typical of them — out on a bleak, wind-swept ridge, defying the storms. (No. 20.) I watched them here with a telescope nearly every day all winter.

Resting a day, we again took to our skis and slid up the river to Green River Lake. As we were proceeding quietly along on the edge of the lake, an old bull came down off the mountain side ahead of us. "Boston" quickly winded him and was sent forward, and after a short chase along the shore brought him to bay. Here I made three or four exposures in different poses. (Nos. 22 to 24.) Arriving at the head of the lake, we turned up Clear Creek, and had barely started before "Boston" had another fellow up and going. This one led us a merry chase, and we were pretty well blown when we at last overtook them. He was on a steep mountain side, standing under a spruce, and I finally got him to pose long enough to get a successful picture. (No. 25.) Then came the long, tiresome slide home, which was pleasantly interrupted by running across another bull, of which I made a fine negative. (No. 28.)

We next planned to go across to the Gros Ventre, to a ranch where the elk were said to be very thick. This was a pretty long trip for me, especially as I carried an 8 by 10 camera and a dozen 8 by 10 plates. We went down the river six miles to a cabin, where we stayed over night. Next morning was stormy, but we decided to go on, making the ranch in good season, although our shoes stuck a little. Next day I found I had burned my eyes with the snow glare, so we could not go out, and after this it snowed enough to keep us in for a week.

Finally came a clear day, and we climbed the mountain on the right, and soon had about one hundred and fifty elk in sight. Presently they came to the end of their trail, and as the crust would not hold, could go no farther that way. Hill and Lloyd, the ranchman, then went around them, while I prepared to ambush them as they came back. Placing the camera under a spruce in the shade, I awaited them for nearly an hour before they came. When Hill got round they broke away and he had a long run to turn them. At last they came leisurely along, eating snow and looking back warily. Just as they began to go out of sight I caught them. (No. 29.) A cold breeze had sprung up, and I was nearly frozen, so we concluded to return to the ranch. Going along the ridge about a quarter of a mile, we came to a slope, down which we ran nearly half a mile; then, turning down a gulch, we rode clear on to the bottom of the valley below, about a mile,—the finest ski ride imaginable.

After this followed several more days of inclement weather, but a change came at last and we again tried the elk. Climbing the mountain once more, we followed along the ridge, calculating to find good working material toward the end, a few miles below. On the way I obtained a negative of the last one of a small herd, on the rim of the ridge, just before she went out of sight. In the background of the picture, away beyond across Jackson's Hole, looms the majestic Grand Teton in all its glory. (No. 30.) We followed to the end of



Portrait of an Ouk.
Photographed from life by, & G. H. Mullis.




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“Just as they began to go out of sight I caught them.”
(Elk 29)

the ridge, but saw only a few elk as they crossed Bacon Creek, too far to photograph. Then came another glorious ride down the mountain to the valley, and the slide up the creek—home. The snow now began to stick during the middle of the day, so, after resting a day, we returned the next to the cabin on Green River, and thence home.

CHAPTER III

URNING now to the antelope, we shall find him in a different country. He likes a flat landscape, open so that he may see his enemies a long way and use his best defense—his speed. He will, if need be, go through heavy timber if he can find parks beyond. High, rolling country, half park and half timber, will attract him, but his true home is the lower levels. Neither the deer, the elk, nor the much vaunted big-horn can compare with him in keenness of vision. His scent, on the contrary, is not so fine, nor is his hearing. Many times I have been balked, both in hunting and photographing, by his marvelous vision, when any other game would have been easy. Then, at times, especially where he has not been hunted much, he is very foolish and simple. His inquisitiveness often costs him his life. His meat, in the springtime, is *very* good; the rest of the year it varies from very bad to good, according to the individual. He is harder to kill, according to his size and strength, than any of the other game, and furnishes magnificent sport as a running target.

Antelope Springs is one of his headquarters. It is a bare place, not a tree to be seen anywhere, only the ever present sage-brush scattered here and there,—not thickly, for he does



“The last one of a small herd.”
(Elk 30)

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not like too much of it—it shuts out his grass and other food; besides, the coyote can get too close. It is a difficult camping-ground,—no timber, no water, except in the smaller gulches. However, the dead sage-brush is the best of fire-wood, and sage-hens, than which no barn-yard fowl is better meat, abound. The morning after our arrival we rose early, to find that as soon as it was light the antelope were coming to water in herds of all sizes. After breakfast they came right up to the tent, and I crawled to one corner carefully, and exposed on a buck that had approached to within forty yards (No. 17) to reconnoitre,—a large band, at a safe distance, awaiting the verdict. Soon they were coming, thick and fast, about the springs which seep from the gravelly rock in the gulch bottom. We worked down into the gulch and rapidly approached the springs, mindful of the wind. There was another spring, in the next gulch, about half a mile away, over a low hill, and the greater number seemed to be going to that. But a group of ten came right round behind, so that they could see the camera. I kept the camera turned upon them until they were outlined on a ridge against the sky, directly under the sun, about one hundred yards away, when I exposed. (No. 18.) The negative shows, in the foreground, some prickly-pear cactus, a lot of rabbitweed, a few sage-brush, and, on the ridge, the antelope.

Next morning I went over to the other spring, and, finding a side gulch that came in near the water, pulled a quantity of green sage- and rabbit-brush and made a blind that the quarry's

keen eyes could not see, nor even the coyote that trotted by. As he paused on the crest, I exposed on him for a second at forty yards. (No. 2.) Then he came down and drank his fill. After he had gone, three antelope came walking right out on the bank, and as they stood alert I caught them. (No. 19.)

They are always cautious about approaching the water, as the coyotes lie in wait there for them. I have often seen a band chase a lone coyote away from the water, and then, suddenly terrified, turn tail and allow the coyote to chase them.

I climbed up a little above the camera, where I could observe the hills and valley in all directions, and as I sat a bunch of antelope came right down the gulch to the water above me, and gradually worked down until almost in front, but turned out about forty yards above, and when on the top of the bank moved diagonally away from me. (No. 11.) As they would not come closer, I took them as they were. Then they moved around and came on the bank right in front, and stood eying my blind. Just then a badger came out of his hole in the bank, and I resolved to see if I could put in the next slide, turn the holder, pull the other slide, set the shutter, and so get the antelope and the badger in one and the same picture. The antelope stood and watched the motions behind the blind until I succeeded in making the exposure. (No. 14.) Then, at the click of the shutter, scampered away.

The badger went down the gulch, then over the bank, I after him, hoping to come over quickly enough to catch him before he got too far away. He was very slow, so I got within



View of the Falls
from the top of the mountain



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“As they would not come closer, I took them.”
(Antelope 1)

twenty feet and whistled, when he turned, and the snap was made.

Another band of antelope came in, but they seemed to know where I was, for they drank at the upper end of the water, then went out on the bank, and snorted at me while I got a negative of them at sixty yards with the telephoto lens. (No. 12.) I stayed until sunset, watching the play of the antelope as they came and went about the water, some below and some above my stand. Then the sage-hens commenced to flock in, some on the ground, but the greater number flying. They seemed to fear danger during the middle of the day, but early in the morning and late in the evening they flocked around by the thousands. The golden eagle is their most terrifying enemy. I found a jack-rabbit near the tent one day, and got within five feet of him; secured two negatives (Nos. 1 and 2), and then caught a snap-shot of him while running (No. 3).

The following day I secured a picture of a buck and fawn at the same place, and then we bade adieu to the desert, and took our way to the haunts of other game.

CHAPTER IV



THE bighorn, or mountain sheep, is credited by many writers as the keenest-eyed and wariest of Rocky Mountain game, but he is over-estimated. Few men know much concerning them, mainly because they are scarce, and also because they are hard to hunt. Most hunters dislike to own ignorance of any kind of game, so they either repeat some time-worn tale of the bighorn or invent one of their own. True, the mountain ram is watchful, for his existence depends upon that; but he cannot see like the antelope, and in antelope or deer country would be an easy prey. His worst enemy, the mountain lion, keeps him constantly alert, as the boulders, gulches, and scattering timber of his range afford splendid cover for the merciless cougar. They are gradually becoming extinct.

Accompanied by William Wells and Bert Hill, my wife and I left the head of Green River for Cliff Creek, one July day, with a pack outfit. The first day we made thirty miles, camping at Falers, in Fall River Basin. The second day we stopped on Cliff Creek to eat our noonday lunch, and while eating I caught sight of something on the mountain ahead of us, which we at first took to be an elk, but our glasses revealed an old silvertip bear and two cubs. We all had a good



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“As they stood a bit I caught them.”
(Antelope 19)





A close view of Antelope and Fawn.

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look at them before they disappeared over the summit. Traveling on about four miles, we located camp about midway of the range, so I could work in either direction. Wells killed an elk about sunset, within four hundred yards of camp, so that I would not have to fire any shots to alarm the game. The following morning I brought in the meat, and Wells and Hill returned to Green River. The second day I went up the little creek, which came right out of the center of the range, taking my horse as far as I could and climbing the last part of the way, until I could go no farther for cliffs. I found so little sign that I knew the sheep were not working so low down. I had swept the range with my telescope the first morning in camp, and found six or eight sheep, among them a ram with a good head. I was now directly below the place where I had observed them, and just as I was about to return to my horse they again appeared and commenced feeding. I saw that I could not get up to them, so on the next day went to the north pass, where I found but little sign, but on my way home ran into some elk and made several exposures, all of which, on development, were failures. The next day I went to the south end of the mountain, taking my horse clear to the summit in order to get the camera up, calculating to leave it up there over night, as it was too hard work carrying it up every day. I was following an elk trail which led up at an easy slope, and had gained a clump of spruces, when eight or nine cow and calf elk came running down the steep mountain at top speed. They were seeking brush or shade farther

down, to escape the big horse-flies. Continuing upward, I came to a little lake at the foot of the last climb. Before I had reached the summit I saw some objects come on top of a peak about a mile northward, and the telescope revealed them to be mountain sheep, among them three rams. They kept coming until I had counted over thirty, then gradually worked out of sight. Taking my horse up to the last tree, I tied her, shouldered the camera, and started along the crest of the ridge, which soon became very narrow. It was almost perpendicular on the west, and very precipitous on the east side, and in places only two or three feet wide. I was soon across this, and hurried along until I reached the hill where the sheep had been. The wind was in the west, so I looked over and found a pocket on the east side where the sheep were lying thickly as far as I could see. Right down from the peak ran a ridge to the east, behind which I must work, as I could not pass on account of the wind, which blew almost constantly. Dropping back a few yards, I soon worked down behind the ridge, but the shaly limestone required very slow, careful work to prevent a fall. Crawling out to the edge, I made a thorough search to see how many there were and what could be done, and found I could go no farther, but must let them come to me. Ere long they were all up and feeding, and I counted fifty-six. When they had worked within about two hundred yards, I exposed a plate with the telephoto lens on the thickest part of the herd, and covered thirty-six. (No. 2.) They were all feeding, so their heads



were down, and I reasoned that if I alarmed them they would leave and be harder to get at, so resolved to keep out of sight and work on them there as long as I could. I made five exposures in all, but only the one showed them well. After an hour or more they gradually fed right round beneath me and within seventy-five yards, but I could not get the camera pointed down quick enough to catch the rams as they passed, and the two plates exposed were not good. So I carefully slipped away and left them feeding. About half a mile back I came to a big elk trail, and left my camera there, taking only the plate-holders to camp to change. I returned to camp, much elated at my supposed success, as I had been told for years that I could not get photographs of mountain sheep. The next morning I rode to the foot of the range, picketed the horse, and started up the elk trail. It was very steep, but good footing, and in half an hour I was getting pretty well up when I saw, down below me, two rams looking in my direction. I remained motionless until they seemed at ease, then moved along, keeping out of sight, and, when I could, watching them. When they were hidden I moved on toward the camera. Thinking that perhaps they would follow the trail, I picked up the camera when I reached it, and moved on to a good lookout and watched for them. Could I have gone where I wished, they would have come right to me; but the wind drove me to another place, so they were three hundred yards from me when they reached the top. They quickly passed, climbing the hill west of the pass and going out of

sight. Taking but one plate-holder, as the climb was hard, I followed, and, on reaching the top, saw them lying down. Keeping under the edge of the hilltop, I could work to the right until under cover of some trees, and then from clump to clump until I was near them. The wind was now blowing a gale, so that they could not hear me. Presently I found that I could not pass either side of a clump of dwarf, stunted spruce without being seen; so, taking my pocket knife, I cut my way through the clump and went on up to the next one, which was directly in line with the one I had cut through. I was now within a hundred yards, and had to use great caution, as the larger ram was very uneasy and watchful. I worked on to another cover of spruce, and found I was something like sixty yards from them and could go no farther. So, carefully raising the camera, I aimed it over the top. The big ram was standing nibbling at some herbage when I exposed. On account of the wind, I gave too short an exposure, and had the camera pointed too high. Lowering the camera, I turned the plate-holder, and when next it was aimed the ram was standing with his head from me and evidently alarmed (No. 5), so I exposed again. This time the camera was aimed high, but cut off only his feet at the bottom of the plate. The ram lay down then, and I debated whether to go after the rest of my plates or not; but just as I decided to go the quarry took alarm and disappeared around some cliffs where I could not follow. So I returned to the trail and to camp.

Later I worked the pocket where I saw the big bunch, but



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Antelope crossing a dry gulch.



An Ancient Elm, N. H.

they were scattered and I could get no more exposures. At the other end of the range I found two ewes and a yearling feeding right down underneath me as I looked off a cliff. I made an exposure on them, but the plate broke on the way home. The work was extremely hard, the 8 by 10 camera very heavy, and often I would reach camp utterly exhausted. Circumstances compelled our return to Green River without further result. On this range I saw, one day, deer, elk, and mountain sheep, all within a mile of one another.

Out on a ledge near the top of a high cliff the golden eagle builds a nest of sticks—here mostly sage-brush, which is used year after year. Usually they lay two eggs, but occasionally three.

Several miles from my home was a nest very near the summit of the cliff, just within reach from the top. I went there several times to get a picture of the old hen bird. Twice I had good chances, but one one-hundredth second was too slow, so I tried one two-hundred-and-fiftieth, and finally one five-hundredth second, and the result was almost perfect. The eagle went down off the nest, as there was no wind to raise her, so the view is of her back.

Rattlesnakes are not the kind of companions chosen by many, but they are met with frequently in certain parts of the West, and many times at the wrong moment. On Spring Creek there is a veritable den of them in a rocky hillside. The first one we found was near a cactus, so I had my companions try to keep him near it while I prepared the camera. The snake

finally concluded it could not get away, so turned, and crawling slowly into a hollow in the cactus, coiled itself ready to strike. (No. 2.) I was much surprised at this, bearing in mind the tales of the road-runner, or chaparral-cock, with his fence of cactus. After despatching this snake, we proceeded probably three hundred yards before finding a second. Before I could expose on this, another one was found, and while one guarded them, search was made for more, until seven were gathered, when I made a group exposure on them at something like three feet distance. (No. 3.)

The snowshoe-rabbit inhabits the timbered country of the Rocky Mountain ranges, preferring spruce timber to pine; but so far as my observation goes, only in the higher parts. He is, in size, midway between the cottontail and the jack-rabbit, and is a comparatively clumsy animal. His feet are capable of a wider spread than those of the others, allowing him to run over lighter snow. In summer they are a blue-gray, the fur far more beautiful than that of his brothers, his feet retaining their winter whiteness. In the fall they turn to a snowy whiteness—so white as to be almost invisible. Companions of mine have declared that I was absolutely mistaken when trying to show them a snowshoe-rabbit on the snow at a few feet distance, until a shot from my revolver would prove their error. While in Wyoming I secured two negatives of them, but neither in the winter coat (Nos. 1 and 2).

In Wyoming, on Cottonwood Creek, I found plenty of ducks, and by some patient and careful work caught one on a sand-



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Unsuspecting of any danger.

bar, with his head tucked under his wing. As I carefully crawled out from behind some willows, with the camera held ready, the duck waked and started for the water instantly; so, just as it reached the edge, I snapped, catching two ducks—the real and the reflection. (No. 1.) Shortly afterward I came out on the bank, right over a family that I caught swimming. (No. 2.)

I have found the prairie-dog the hardest to catch of anything I have attempted. The nearness required for anything so small is the great trouble. Without a camera, they allow me to approach very close; but, like the Indian, they draw the line at the instrument.

CHAPTER V



IT was snowing bitterly as I rode out of Meeker late in December, '94; but I cared little for that, as it would give good tracking, and Wells had written that the lions were thick, so I was anxious to join him and hear the music of the hounds once more. Besides, I had a new, quick lens and a new 8 by 10 camera, both of which I was in a hurry to try on the lions.

Before I had ridden many miles the storm had passed by, and when I rode up to Wells's camp on Dry Fork, a branch of Pice-ance Creek, it was fine and looked good for the morrow. Wells met me with a cheery welcome, and we were soon stowing away a good camp supper which he had prepared. The cabin in which he was living was about fifteen feet square, and when he and Patterson, his partner, and Frank Wells, his brother, and myself were bedded down on the floor, in company with two or three guests, there was very little spare room. A cook-stove occupied one corner, together with the table and some boxes for seats and the necessary provisions. One window was missing, so some sheeting was tacked across it. Plenty of fat piñon wood within two hundred yards, and a little creek about forty yards away, insured fire and water, while the surrounding hills literally swarmed with deer. Patterson, or



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The Eagle went down off the nest, so the view is of her back.



dr. 1000 1000 1000



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Two views of Snow-Shoe Rabbit in summer coat.

“Pat,” as every one knows him best, and Frank came in soon, and next morning we started out under as clear a sky as could be wished for. The hounds were coupled in pairs and crazy for a run. “Speckle” and “Spot,” the old stand-bys; “Sport,” the tree-climber; “Mike,” also a good climber; “Music” and “Talk” and “Nixey” comprised the hounds; while “Hector,” part staghound and part shepherd,—the fastest of the pack, and as such nearly always obliged to tackle the lion on a run,—closely seconded by “Tucker,” Pat’s big brown shepherd, “Gypsy,” and “Ajax,” made up the crew. Three or four miles up the gulch we climbed out on the left side, and a short way up the hill found a lion track made early the past night. “Speckle” and “Spot” were turned loose; the younger hounds were kept back till the trail should be fresher. We hurried after, and only overtook them at a place where they had been balked by a band of horses crossing and recrossing the trail, completely obliterating it. The dogs took the back trail, and Wells had a good chase to get them. Meantime, Pat crossed the horse trails, and, finding the lion trail, blew his horn for me to follow him. The lion was now up on a hilltop where it was open, except where a fire had killed the piñon timber and the winds had blown it down. I noticed that the lion turned off to the right, evidently towards a deer; but as Pat was going straight ahead, I followed him. Fifty yards farther the lion track intersected our line again, but he was dragging something now, and this was nearly sure to mean that he would be close by the carcass when we found it. I

noticed one place where, for about twenty feet, the lion had carried the deer clear of the snow, leaving not a sign but its own tracks. A little way ahead the track led to the edge of the hill, and here I overtook Pat, who had dismounted, and walked out and looked down and caught a glimpse of the lion running away. He went down a few yards and found a spike-buck and the tracks of the lion running off. Wells came up just then, and the whole outfit of dogs caught the fresh scent, and away they all went, making noise enough to terrify anything. They did not go over a quarter of a mile before "Hector" had the lion treed. It proved to be a female; she was in a spruce tree on a steep hillside, so by getting on the upper side I could get nearly on a level with her. She was resting very quietly about thirty feet up, and I put on an eighteen-inch focus lens and took her portrait at about thirty-five feet. (No. 3.) The snow lay on the boughs just as it had fallen, and made a beautiful picture as we looked at her. The dogs began climbing, and presently she crawled out on a limb on the lower side of the tree, and I went down to get a running picture as she came by. Wells scared her out, and she jumped just as far out and down as she could,—we estimated it to be one hundred feet,—striking with such force as to roll and slide quite a way before she could rise. The dogs and she went by so fast and close that I thought it useless to try them. They caught her in the gulch a few yards below me, and I made an exposure when they had her stretched in the gulch, with Pat included in the view. (No. 4.) The dogs soon had



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“The duck waked and started for the water instantly.”

her helpless, so she was despatched with a revolver shot, and taking her pelt, we went up and helped "Sport" and "Mike" down from the spruce tree up which they had climbed. A week later saw us riding down the creek to a point where we could climb out on the north side. Both sides of the gulch were steep, but the north side was an almost impassable cliff, there being but few places where it was possible to get out, thus making an admirable home for the lions. They would come to the cliffs to lie down during the daytime and hunt back on top at night. Down at the G—H ranch we turned up the road of the same name, which was fearfully steep. Just on top we found a lion track, but it was too old to put the dogs on, so we followed back along the ridge towards camp. When nearly opposite camp we came upon the carcass of a buck deer which was entirely eaten, the bones alone remaining. Here there were fresher tracks, and Pat circled a little to see which way the game had gone out. We had barely started after him when the dogs broke away and were off—hounds, shepherds, and all, coupled and uncoupled, alike. Fifty yards ahead we found the reason for their stampede. There, under a spreading piñon tree, was a fresh deer carcass, only partially eaten, and leading from it were the telltale jumps in the snow showing where the lion had run as it heard our approach. After the dogs we went pell-mell, but the race was only a quarter of a mile ere she treed. Before we could reach the place, she jumped from the first tree and "Tucker" caught her tail. This checked her,

so she ran only a few yards to the next tree, where she was forced to climb again. The camera was rapidly set up, and using the eighteen-inch-focus lens again, I caught her face framed in piñon boughs as she thrust her head out to watch us. (No. 5.) Then I put on the quick lens and took a snap-shot as she ran by. She treed within fifty yards, and some of the dogs climbed after her. Before I could change to the long-focus lens, a drunken cowboy came along the trail and wanted to chase her out and rope her, and so I took a snap-shot at long range (No. 6), as there was a gulch between and the only good view was from across this. Then at last she came out of the tree and down into the gulch, where the dogs caught and finished her.

Two days later we found the trail of a big lion, and, as it was quite fresh, the dogs were turned loose. But in their hurry they overran the trail, and some deer ran out ahead of them, whose trail they took, in spite of all our efforts. Hardy and I stayed by the lion trail, while Wells and Pat went after the dogs. When found, they had bayed a big buck, and in the fight that ensued "Speckle" received an injury that laid him up for nearly a month. When Wells got back we waited for Pat awhile, but could hear nothing of his horn, so put the hounds on the lion trail again, and in five minutes had him treed. Two of the dogs were still coupled, and Wells, fearing they would get the worst of it in a fight, ran right in under the tree, within ten feet of the lion, to uncouple them. The lion jumped at this, ran about three hundred yards, and bayed on top





A Blue Grouse at close range.

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of a cliff. He would have made a grand picture thus, but saw us peering from behind some trees, and turned and sprang off the cliff thirty or forty feet. The dogs had to run along the top for some distance before they dared jump to a lower place, and the lion got quite a start. We stood on the cliff and watched him run down hill to the bottom of the gulch, about seventy-five yards, and work up to the top of the hill on the other side. "Hector" overtook him just before he reached the top, but would not attack ; so they went on side by side, only about six feet apart, to a big piñon tree, up which the lion sprang.

When we reached the tree I found that it was so thick I could not get a clear view, so planned to drive him back down into the gulch and catch him running. Wells and Hardy clubbed and snowballed him for a long time, but without effect. Wells was at length obliged to shoot off the limb he clung to, and that brought him quickly to terms. His speed was too great for me to snap as he passed, but the dogs soon caught him in the gulch.

Now, I confess, I was a little nervous, waiting down there, alone and unarmed ; for he had shown signs of ugliness, and we had only part of the dogs, on account of Pat's absence. However, I was willing to risk the danger for the sake of the picture. When the dogs bayed him I rushed up close and took a snap-shot, but he was backed up in the shadow, so that the negative was poor. I ran back a few yards, Wells helped me turn the plate-holder, and I tried for a second picture. Just then he made a charge out at me, and I need hardly say that

I retreated in disorder. "Hector" very quickly caught him, and the rest helped, so I ran up close and caught them fighting. (No. 9.) Hardy had got around opposite me, and Wells had closed up when the lion charged me, so I caught them both at "ready." Wells then concluded to stop the fight, so told Hardy to kill the lion, which he did.

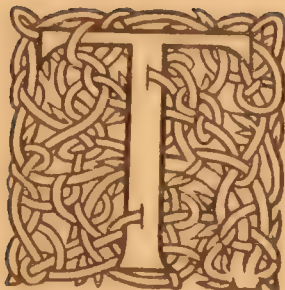
Pat came up a little later, so I grouped the three and part of the dogs back of the lion, and snapped them. (No. 10.) This lion was about the largest I ever saw, measuring seven feet five inches from tip to tip before skinning. I think his hide, stretched, would have measured ten feet easily. He was thirty-one inches high at shoulder, thirty-three inches girth just back of fore legs, thirty-six inches girth at center of body, and twenty-five inches at flank ; the forehead was six inches between his ears, the girth of the neck eighteen inches, and around his fore leg thirteen inches ; his tail formed one third of his length.



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“Her face framed in piñon boughs.”
(Cougar 5)

CHAPTER VI

HE dogs being more or less crippled from the fight with the lion and the buck, we were laying off a day, which Hardy took advantage of to hunt deer in the afternoon. He had not been gone long before we saw him returning in apparent haste, and, surmising that he had found a lion track near camp, we were watching him, when his horse turned acrobat and both landed in the snow. He came on and informed us that he had found a track a short distance up Dark Cañon. As it was one of the brightest of Colorado days, we quickly decided to try and get the lion. So we hurriedly saddled and rode up to the track. At first we thought it a wolf, but on following a short distance, a change in the snow enabled us to tell that it was a lion; so the hounds were uncoupled. "Speckle," the reliable, was left in camp, as he had been too badly hurt the day before to go; so "Spot" was put in the lead, and away they went up the hill to the west, while we followed as fast as possible. We had hardly got started, it seemed, before the dogs were balked by a piece of bare ground to which the trail led. Patterson went across afoot and found where the lion had left it; so when the dogs were once more gathered—for they were working hard to find the trail—they were put on, and we

soon had the lion up, and after a very short run she treed. We approached cautiously, and stopped behind some trees, out of sight. The camera was quickly made ready, and I moved up behind a small tree until very close. Carefully I looked around this tree until I discovered the great cat sitting up, apparently indifferent, in a tall cedar just in front. She had not discovered us yet, and as she was in good position, I stepped out and, turning the camera up, snapped it on her. She saw me the instant I moved, and so was looking right down at me. (No. 11.) In a moment she jumped, but ran only a hundred yards or so and treed again. This time I thought I would try a running picture; so, going up carefully behind another convenient tree, I kept out of sight while Wells and Patterson made a detour and came up opposite and threw a club at her, when she jumped out on my side and ran by within ten feet. She was too close, for the plate, when developed, showed only a blurred streak. She treed again, very close, and I tried again for a running picture, but she did not come just right. She treed a fourth time, close again, and Wells reconnoitered and reported it a good place for a jumping picture, for which we were watching. I went round to the side next the sun, which, fortunately, was open, and a little cedar gave me the chance to approach just right without being seen. The others approached on the opposite side as close as was prudent, until my signal that I was ready, when they came up noisily, one of them throwing a club into the tree, which started her. The ground sloped downward toward me from



Hound and Red Wild Cat.
(No 17)

the tree she was in, and she stepped out to the edge as far as she could before leaping. At the instant she started, I stepped out from behind the cedar, and had just got in the open when she leaped almost directly at me. Just as she cleared the tree, so that she would show against the sky, I snapped, and, luckily, caught her perfectly. (No. 12.) She took ground within six feet of me.

Bedlam broke loose just then, all the dogs taking after her, making all the noise they could, while I voiced an exultant yell that would have done credit to an Apache. As Wells came up I told him that snap-shot would never be beaten. She ran out into an open patch of ground, but did not get over two hundred yards before there was a great commotion, and we knew that "Hector" had pursued his usual staghound trick of throwing his quarry. In a few seconds there arose a mingling of growls, barks, and yells which indicated a grand fight; and the way we went down that hill I shall never forget. As we approached, Wells helped me and I put in the slide, turned the plate-holder, and drew the other slide, and, setting the shutter, approached closer for a snap at the fighters. (No. 13.) Hardy got into close quarters and had to run out on the opposite side just as I approached. Seeing a good chance, I snapped again, then had to "retreat with honor." The dogs soon got the best of her, and in a few moments had killed her. Wells and Patterson both told me they would not care to have her come quite so close as she had done in the leap, my only weapon being a pocket knife. I have since made several at-

tempts to get leaping pictures, but they were all failures. Next morning I gathered the faithful cripples into a forlorn-looking group, and photographed them, as well as the scene at camp, showing the lions and deer, all hanging on a rack (No. 14); and I caught Pat and Hardy in the act of hanging up one deer (No. 15), while Wells and his brother Rob are skinning another.

Our next successful hunt was about a week later, when we found the track of a young lion, about three quarters grown, just over the ridge from where we had killed the last one. We had quite a time getting the trail straightened out, as the cub had killed a fawn deer and had fed on it for a day or more when we found it, and had tracked the scent all about the place. I followed his track up to where he had leaped over a bush upon the fawn's back and brought it down. The snow showed but few struggles on the part of the fawn. Some one found a fresh track, and in a few minutes the dogs had the cub up a tree. It was a cedar which grew at the foot of a ledge of rocks, so that when I crept up behind a piñon which grew on top of the ledge, camera in hand, I was only fifteen feet from the lion. Quickly I slipped out into clear view and snapped on him. (No. 16.) As he saw me he jumped down among the dogs, who barely missed catching him before he climbed again, about fifty yards below. We could not drive him out of this tree, so killed him where he was.

We now had to wait for a fresh fall of snow, as it was almost impossible to trail anything. The south hillsides were



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“A very wild female. With much care I was able to get a view of her head.”
(Cougar 21)

getting bare, and in this country a hound is helpless on dry ground. We had but a short time to wait, and soon found a big track about noon. We came upon two deer carcasses, eaten up clean and abandoned, while following this. A mile away the dogs ceased baying, and set up their "treed" bark. This lion proved to be a short, chunky specimen, very fat, and gorged with deer meat. He went quite up to the top of the second tree, after the boys drove him out toward me from the first one. He jumped well, but it was in the shadow of the tree, and too dark for a quick snap, so I waited and snapped as he ran away, but the snow he threw up hid all but his ears and tail. He was so full that he ran but a little way. On this occasion "Sport" now distinguished himself. The tree forked near the ground, the lion going up the large fork, while "Sport" took the small one. He went as high as he could go, then stood barking at the lion about five or six feet away. (No. 17.) The game would occasionally make a ferocious dash at him, spitting and growling the while, but could not quite reach him. Pat stood just below me, with his rifle ready to kill when I snapped the shutter. His cap and the muzzle of the gun show in the picture. I then went on the lower side to try and get a jumping or running picture, but the lion could not be induced to come out even when Pat shot him through the paw. Pat shot him again, and this time he fell. The dogs grabbed him instantly and dragged him down close to me, while Pat and Wells ran in close to finish him if he should get a bad hold of any dog. It was un-

necessary, however, as the whole pack was upon him, excepting "Sport." They had him stretched out (No. 18) when I snapped. Two cowboys who had accompanied us this day were just coming under the tree when "Sport" fell in the snow beside them. They thought it was another lion, and came near stampeding.

I went up to the deer carcass, which the lion had covered completely with snow, and traced out the scene of the killing. The deer was lying under a tree, and the lion had crept right up over open ground to spring. The deer had never risen from his bed, but was killed as he lay.

The following winter Wells and I hunted faithfully for six weeks, but never found so much as a good track.

New Year's day, 1897, found me again at Wells's camp, awaiting his return from Meeker, whither he had gone to have a grand lion hunt with the Meeker boys and John Goff's pack of hounds. Wells had arranged to carry the camera and plate-holders on a pack-horse, instead of slung over our shoulders as heretofore, and this was much more comfortable, if not quite so quick. The first lion was treed in a dark, shady place in a piñon tree. These trees are scrubby and have limbs from the ground up, which gave "Sport" and the other dogs their opportunity to climb. "Sport" did climb and stood on the opposite side of the tree trunk from this lion, but not close enough to attack. The lion was backed out on a limb, with his face toward the trunk, and "Sport" passed around the tree, between the lion and the tree, his tail actually slapping the lion in the face.



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“Sprawled from limb to limb in as awkward a pose as she could get.”
(Cougar 22)



Cottontail Rabbits, Barling and the Sun.

The lion caught his claws in the hide of "Sport's" back, and Wells held his rifle on the lion, ready to kill, but he finally released the dog and "Sport" passed on. I had a slow lens on the camera and could not get a snap of this, and doubt if the negative would have been good, as the place was quite shady. My time pictures here were under-exposed.

Our next lion was a cub which "Hector" and "Ajax" killed when it fell from the tree in which we found it. Going home the same night, Wells killed a female lion, and two days later we found the trail of a big one and soon had him treed. He was in a bad tree, so Wells drove him out and he treed again about a hundred yards away. Here he was in no better place, so we drove him again. He ran down across a gulch, and just before he reached a tree on the other side "Hector" caught him, and they tumbled back into the gulch. "Ajax" and "Talk" and "Nixey" fell to, and there was a hard fight for a few moments. Wells, fearing that so few dogs might get the worst of the fray, ran down the hill and up the gulch, while I was hurrying as fast as possible; carrying the camera, ready for exposures; but I could not get there in time, as Wells shot the lion when he was close enough. The lion had charged him at twenty feet. He said the lion's eyes were green and his ears were laid back, his fangs and claws showing, and, altogether, he was not a pretty sight, and as he spoke I noticed that his hands were shaking.

The next lion we found was a very wild female. Every time we approached to within forty or fifty yards of the tree she was

in, out she would spring to another, and "Hector" had his fill of chases that day. After three or four of these rushes she was panting like a winded horse. With much care I was able to get a view of her head over the boughs in the top of a low piñon (No. 21), and another where she was sprawled from limb to limb in about as awkward a pose as she could get (No. 22). Wells shot her while in this tree.

We began to think the fates were against us, as we had killed four lions without catching a single good negative. In the face of this, we resolved to take only two hounds out. Two dogs alone will not attack a lion, should they catch him on the ground, but will simply bay him. It was a week or more before the snow was good again. Then, one afternoon, I found the trail of a big lion not far from camp; and taking "Speckle" and "Nix," I had the lion treed in less than ten minutes. This lion jumped out of the first tree as we came up, but ran only about a hundred yards. Here I took a face view with a telephoto lens at thirty feet (No. 23), then a broad side view at twenty-five feet (No. 24); then we drove him out over the hill and down into a gulch. We could hear the dogs barking below us, and, finally, could see them. The lion had bayed on the ground, backing up against a little ledge not over four feet high. When we approached he sprang into the nearest tree, about fifty yards away. Here I used my remaining four plates, getting two excellent views at about twenty-five feet (Nos. 25 and 26). We tried our best to drive him out, but without success. Once or twice I approached within twenty feet, but he



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“With a tele-photo lens at thirty feet.”
(Cougar 23)

made ready to spring at me, so I retreated, even though I carried a forty-five Colt revolver.

In the end we concluded to let this lion go and chase him on the morrow with six more plates. So Wells called off "Speckle" and "Nix" and went for the horses, while I picked up the camera and went on down the gulch until out of sight. Then cautiously I returned to see what the lion would do. In about five minutes he came leisurely down from the tree and walked off, looking neither to right nor left while he was in sight.

The next morning we were joined by a young ranchman as we rode down the creek to pick up the trail. It led down into Pice-ance Creek and across and up a steep hill on the west. Thence it followed on across some bare ground, but we soon circled that and picked it up where it led up to the top of the mountain. After a mile or two it became apparent that the game had turned down on the north side, facing White River, and soon the dogs had him running. He proved to be lazy, however, and almost at once took to a tree. We tied our horses, except the pack-horse, which we led down. The lion jumped before we reached the tree, but went only a little way. I tried once for a jumping picture, but failed. Wells had brought his fifty-caliber Winchester, so when we wanted to drive the lion, all he had to do was to shoot off the limb or part of the tree he was in, and down he came. We finally got him bayed on the ground, and I caught two very vicious-looking views of him (Nos. 27 and 28), going as close

as I dared. Suddenly he turned and disappeared over the edge of the gulch. We rushed out, but could see no sign of where he had gone until Wells went down into the gulch and found there was a little cliff there, and the lion had crawled around in a crevice and was lying there very quietly. I took the camera down in the gulch, and, putting on the telephoto lens, took a farewell view of the game as it lay panting in the rocks. (No. 29.) It was now so near night that we killed him and climbed back to our saddle-horses and rode away home. We noticed some tracks on this mountain, so, two or three days later, we rode in there and about noon found a fresh trail leading away southward. We now had four hounds, "Speckle" and "Nix," "Sport" and "Talk," and all were getting to work finely. We trailed several miles until night came on, so called the dogs off and rode back to camp. In the morning two friends accompanied us to the trail, which still led straight away, and we rode as rapidly as the dogs could go. Much of the time the trail led through open sage-brush parks in the cedar and piñon timber, and we could keep right up with the dogs, who were working magnificently. Finally we found the carcass of a fawn which the lion had eaten the night before, leaving nothing but the hide and bones, which he had buried in the snow. A little way from here the tracks became very hard for the dogs to follow, on account of the melting of the snow, and we were helping the dogs all we could when "Sport" suddenly broke out, and away they all went like a cyclone. The lion must have lain close until we were within sixty yards before "Sport"



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“A magnificent view at twenty-five feet.”
(Cougar 25)



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“Once or twice I approached within twenty feet, but he made ready to spring at me, so I retreated.”
(Cougar 26)





“ ‘ Boston ’ winded him and brought him to bay.”
(Elk 22.)

started him. We had an exciting chase, the lion doubling two or three times, but it was only a short time until he treed. I made a trial for another leaping picture, but through my own fault missed a good chance. The lion was so tired now that he went only about a quarter of a mile, but did not tree. When the dogs overtook him, he must have caught one in his claws, for we could hear a most terrific yelping. Wells mounted his horse, and hurried on, while we packed the camera and followed as quickly as we could. When we came up the lion was bayed on the ground, so I set the focus for thirty feet and walked up within that distance and took a snap. (No. 30.) Then I went round to get a different view, but the lion ran to the next tree. Here I approached within fifteen feet and took my last snap. (No. 31.) I had made ready for another, but as the lion started off the dogs all seized him and pulled him down. He caught "Speckle" and would almost certainly have killed him had not Wells run up and put an end to the fight. Thus closed some of the most interesting and thrilling episodes of my life. It was, likewise, the last run of "Talk" and "Nix," for the next day they ate some poisoned coyote baits and died.

After we had finished the lion hunt in January, 1895, Wells accompanied me to my home at Lay, where wildcats (*Lynx rufus*) were quite plentiful, and where there were no deer to trouble our dogs and draw them from the trail. The tracking was fine and cats plenty; so, after developing the lion negatives, we rode out into the cedars after cats. We let the dogs range

free, and we had scarcely got started through the first cedars before "Music" had a cat up and going. After a short run we all brought up at a hole in the bank, where "bobby" had taken refuge. There was no getting him out, so we barricaded his door and went on. Another was soon found and gave us a pretty good run, circling round and round the cedars, which were not over one half mile in diameter. Eventually he climbed a good tree on a hillside, so that I could get on the upper side of the tree and be nearly on a level with him. After I took a snap at him at about twenty-three feet (No. 2), we drove him out and the dogs had another short run. At this tree I got within fifteen feet (No. 3), according to the focussing scale on my camera. I used the eighteen-inch focus lens, which was the back lens of a rectigraphic, and is composed of three lenses. We chased him out again, and at the next tree I fixed for a jumping picture, but he went out so far around from me as to be out of sight; however, I caught him running (No. 4), with "Hector" a close second. In the upper left-hand corner you can see the snow in the air that he knocked off the tree in jumping out, and the trails the dogs made running through the snow are also shown. When he next treed we could not see him, so drove him out again. This time he made a sharp double on the dogs, and they all overran but one. Then he came back close to Wells and me, and stopped under a cedar, the limbs of which grew out near the ground. When "Jeff"—one of the dogs—ran under them, the cat sprang at once on his back, and set his teeth



"A very vicious-looking view, as close as I dared."
(Cougar 28)

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and claws into the flesh. The pack flew to "Jeff's" rescue, and in a jiffy "bobby" was rather a sorry-looking object.

The next cat we found would not tree, but gave us a long chase back and forth all through a larger patch of cedars. We came up to the dogs two or three times, and would see the cat hiding and doubling with all his cunning until he finally allowed them to come up to him while backed up under an old root, where he was killed. Soon after we found another,—a big one, that treed in a very low cedar whose top came level with a little rocky point near by, so that I secured a very good view (No. 5) of him.

The next one gave us a good chase and treed in a cedar top of bare, dead limbs. (No. 6.) I took one picture of him, and tried for another which was to include "Sport." He had got started up the tree and had worked to within three feet of the cat; but just as I was about to snap on them, the little limb broke, and "Sport" had a grand tumble. Wells got him started up again, and this time I caught them (No. 7), but "Sport" was unable to get his footing quite so high. He treed a last time, but hid himself so that we could not see him. Finally, Wells discovered him lying flattened out on the thick boughs of the tree-top, and I made ready for a leaping picture, while Wells made him jump out. His speed, however, was greater than that of the shutter, so the effort was not a success. During our cat chases we started a coyote which the dogs hunted for about three hours, when he came to bay on top of a rock. On the west side the rock was thirty or more feet high, but

on the other side the hill came almost to its top, so it was easily climbed. We left two hounds on top with him until I had taken a couple of snaps at him, which were worthless. Wells then hit him with a stone, knocking him off the rock, down to "Hector" and the rest below.

Another one ran about an hour and took to a hole in the bank, where we left him. A third led us a three hours' chase, but circled round past my house, where "Music" and "Talk," being but young dogs, left the track and came to the house. A man who saw them said the coyote was but three or four hundred yards ahead, and could we have put them on again, would soon have been captured.



CHAPTER VII



WE were camped in a narrow gulch, as near the deer trails as we could find a good spot, so we would have but a short walk to the trail, and at the same time be far enough away so our tent would not alarm the game. We were out early one fine morning, Mr. Wallihan carrying both cameras to my chosen waiting-place, while I carried the tripods and plate-holders. He left me and went on to the top of a cedar-covered mountain, where he intended to select a good place for his camera.

I was left alone to set up my instrument and watch for the deer with a field-glass. I could see them as they worked over the hill, through the sage-brush, and then disappeared until they came right out in front of me. (No. 31.) This band was a very large one, but only seven came near. They scented danger—you could tell it by the high heads and wild looks of the band. It was weary waiting; for when the weather is fine they feed along the trails slowly, and unless they are scared by hunters we sometimes wait for hours before a deer is seen. We have to be very watchful, having lost several fine pictures by being caught ten or twenty feet away from the camera, the deer being so close that any move would be followed by instant flight.

On another occasion we were out again, early in the morning, my husband going up the mountain and I to the gulch. I had been up there afoot, and had ridden my pony up, but preferred the place in the valley; so I soon had the camera ready, and sat down to watch. The first game I saw was a coyote, who came to the water for a drink. He seemed to suspect something, for he ran up the bank, too far away to get his picture. Next I saw a band of deer coming, but they went away round me; and soon I heard a shot, which must have been from a man who was working for us and who was out for meat. I started to go to him, but concluded to return to the camera, and reached it just in time to see a lone buck on a hill, about a hundred and twenty-five yards away. Having my rifle with me, I took quick aim and fired. Down he went, shot in the neck. He had been on a quick trot, almost running. I had hardly reached my camera before I saw two deer coming down the gulch—one a fine buck. The little beauty came along, step by step, carefully watching every side. I feared they would take fright, so snapped on him while he was looking down the gulch. (No. 29.) Bidding them good-night, I returned to camp.

We were camped on Bear River, at the head of Juniper Cañon, in a grassy corner where sage-brush and cedar were handy for wood. At dawn we were ready to start down the cañon to the trail. I did not start for several minutes after my husband, and so hurried as fast as I could to overtake him. I disliked very much to go down there alone, as we had seen



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“The Lion had crawled around in a crevice and was laying there very quietly.”
(Cougar 29)

a mountain-lion track in the sand a day or two before. As I walked briskly along under a big cedar, a very large owl, who was sitting on a limb just above my head, flew out. Imagine how it startled me, not seeing it, and with my mind on the lions, whose den was just across the river. From there on I almost ran until I came to the place where I was to watch. Here was a large pile of driftwood and brush, and I soon had the camera ready. Before long a small band came down the well-worn trail,—first a doe and two fawns, then three young bucks and another doe. They all started across but the old doe, who stayed near the shore and watched them. When they approached the large rock they scented danger and turned back; and when they were in the midst of a mad race for shore I snapped on them (No. 35), the doe still standing as at first.

The following morning the air was full of frost as we took our way down the cañon, and the rocks and banks were slippery with ice, which retarded us quite a little in our walk of a mile. When we came in sight of the trail a band of deer were climbing the steep mountain side, so we had to wait until they were out of sight. They soon disappeared, and we hastened to our chosen places, and quickly made the cameras ready. Another small band appeared on the top of the high cliff, where there was a pass. Then they came out in full view, jumping and running in haste to get to the river to quench their thirst, for they had traveled a long way without water. In this deep cañon they hardly feared danger. While

they were standing, some drinking and others watching, I snapped on them. (No. 37.)

Next morning, when we reached our stands at the crossing, we found the rocks wet where many deer had shaken the water from their sides. No deer were in sight. But no one could tell how soon they might come. This time we had our cameras close together; so, leaving my husband to watch for the deer, I turned my attention to the surroundings. Fish were jumping in the river, and many little birds were flying to and fro on the water's edge. Now and then a flock of ducks came down on the water above us, where the river was wide and deep.

"Look," said my husband; "'way up yonder comes a bunch of deer." And I caught a glimpse of shiny coats as they disappeared for a moment in the brush, only to come out again quickly in another place.

"About twenty, I guess," said I.

"No, not that many," he replied; "but here they come, so mum 's the word."

I could not help wondering how sure-footed they were, not to stumble or fall during the descent. But I have seen a deer, at full speed coming down this mountain, turn around, head up hill, quick as thought, scared at the fall of a rock.

I waited until I was sure of all this group, and then snapped the shutter. (No. 36.) Then the timid old leader gave a snort, at which they all bolted back up the trail. We bade them farewell, as we were to return home on the morrow.



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“I approached within fifteen feet and took my last snap.”
(Cougar 31)



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“At this tree I got within fifteen feet.”



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“A big one that treed in a very low cedar.”
(Wild Cats 3 and 5)

Monday morning finds us again on the trail near our home. With my camera ready, I sit and watch. How slow they are to-day! I say to myself. Taking the field-glass, I walk to a higher place a few steps away, but catch a glimpse of the sun on the shiny coat of a deer, so I drop to my knees and creep back to the camera. I sit almost breathless, watching for them to come into the gulch and then down to the chosen spot. Suddenly they appear—the leader in full view, then another and another until all are in sight. On they come, right up in front. I want that big buck. Click! goes the shutter, and I have them all. (No. 48.) Now I will try another kind of gun, so I raise my rifle slowly and carefully, so they do not see any movement; but the camera is in the way. I drew a bead on the big fellow and fired, but somehow the fawn came in the way and got the bullet in the neck. So much for not holding my gun tight.

On another day in October we are away out on the rolling hills, far from any human habitation. Without a road, we wander on to find some spring where the antelope come for water. All day long we held on over hills and valleys, frightening the snowbirds from the ground in large flocks; they are omens of snow. When the sun is low in the west we come to a spring in a gulch. Finding many tracks along here, we decide to camp. In the morning, early, we put up a blind on the hillside, where we hide the camera and wait until noon. No game came in sight, so we had lunch, then decided to look out a road down the gulch, as we must move to

better water. My husband went down the gulch, while I watched the camera until his return. I had not waited long before an antelope came in sight around the point of the hill. They often come singly so. I thought one was better than none, but I was happily disappointed, as four more appeared on the scene, looking and watching as they came. A fawn followed at a little distance, but the bunch came so close I thought best not to wait for the fawn, so snapped the shutter and caught them just in time (No. 2), for my husband appeared a moment later and they vanished at once. As this was my first picture of antelope, I was well pleased with it. They are so wild that they make a very difficult subject.

We are camped at Antelope Springs in the land of antelope, sage-hens, and coyotes. The pronghorn comes to water early, so we must find out hiding-places before his arrival. Our camp is at the smaller spring, over the hill and out of sight from the larger one. Reaching the main spring about sunrise, we conceal ourselves and the cameras, with all the skill we can command, in side gulches where they join the main gulch, to wait for these wild, shy creatures. The picture (No. 10) shows them in a typical environment — rolling hills and plains with scant sage-brush and grass. I have seen them at play, running in circles and making figures of eight; a hundred or more thus at play make a curious sight. It is astonishing to see how quickly they can turn in an opposite direction. When the bunch in No. 10 came to the top of the hill I was very doubtful of success, and feared they would



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A near view of a Bear.

disappoint me, as many another band had done. They scouted carefully, sending a spy out here and there, until they became satisfied everything was safe; then started out. The five on top of the hill saw the other five start and followed. I said to myself, "Now is the time," and snapped the shutter.

I have seen them come in bands of all sizes. At times it would appear as if they sent one down to look for tracks or other signs of danger. If the scout or runner found that we had crossed the gulch, then he would snort and they would all scamper back to the hills.

